

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

William Lonsdale in Nelson Lancashire an artist with well over 70 years of creative expression behind him. His style and skills cannot be neatly pigeon-holed as they have developed, changed and matured along with his exposure to the environments and societies in which he has lived and worked. He brings Nelson and districts past alive to me, An artist who to me is better than Lowery from Manchester

William Lonsdale, a stalwart of creativity, stood amidst the vibrant tapestry of Nelson, Lancashire. With over seven decades of artistic endeavor, his work was a testament to the ever-evolving nature of his talent. Unlike some, he couldn't be confined to a single category, for his style and skills had grown, transformed, and matured in tandem with his experiences in diverse environments and societies.

As he approached each canvas, it was as though he held the power to resurrect the very essence of Nelson and its surrounding districts. The cobbled streets, the smoky mills, and the people who toiled and thrived within them—all were vividly brought back to life through the strokes of his brush.

William's art was more than just paint on canvas; it was a living, breathing testament to the history and soul of the place he called home. Each stroke was infused with the memories of generations past, the echoes of laughter and the whispers of secrets long kept.

He captured the dance of light on the Lancashire moors, the ever-changing hues of the Pendle Hill, and the ebb and flow of life in this industrial heartland. Through his art, he wove a tale of resilience, of a community that forged its identity amidst the clatter and hum of machinery.

To those fortunate enough to gaze upon his works, William Lonsdale's paintings were portals to another time. They were invitations to stroll down the streets of yesteryears, to witness the struggles and triumphs that laid the foundation for the present.

Comparisons were inevitable, and some would draw parallels between William and the famed Lowry from Manchester. Yet, for those who truly understood the depth and breadth of his artistic expression, it was clear that William Lonsdale was not merely a successor; he was a unique force, carving his own legacy in the annals of Lancashire's artistic heritage.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting its golden rays upon the town he loved, William Lonsdale continued to paint, each stroke imbued with the passion and dedication of a man who had spent a lifetime giving voice to the silent stories of Nelson. Through his art, he ensured that the echoes of the past would forever resonate in the hearts of those who paused to listen.

Poem.

In Nelson's heart, a painter's soul does dwell, William Lonsdale, a tale of art to tell. Seventy years, his canvas, his domain, A lifetime's worth of creative rain.

No pigeonhole can snugly hold his art, A journey wild, a journey from the heart. In every stroke, a world that's been unfurled, A dance of life, in colors richly twirled.

Through changing years, his skills have danced and swayed, With every scene, a different story laid. Environments and societies, his muse, In their embrace, his talent did diffuse.

From distant lands to Nelson's quaint abode, He painted tales of life's long winding road. The past, rekindled in his vibrant hue, He breathes new life where once old memories grew.

A maestro, true, to me he holds a key, Unlocking Nelson's past for all to see. In every stroke, a piece of history, A tribute to a place that used to be.

Comparisons may come, yet he stands tall, A gem in Lancashire, a master of them all. Lowery
may have graced another land, But Lonsdale's brush, it holds a magic hand.
In Manchester's heart, another tale is spun, Yet Nelson's son, he is the chosen one. For William
Lonsdale, with his seventy years, In every stroke, a legacy appears.
By Donald Jay.